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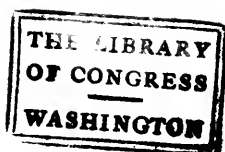
A SHORT VIEW OF
A LONG JOURNEY.





Class 200 . 1 . 1

Book 1 . 1 . 1



A Short View of a Long Journey.

THE OCEAN VOYAGE.

In midwinter the prospect of crossing the Atlantic, even to summer Southern Seas, is not altogether a calm, inspiring prospect; and yet the bright winter morning of our start gave omen of gentle zephyrs. Smooth seas, followed by a cloudless sky, with Old Sol warming the deck of the ship, and the ocean outside Sandy Hook and all along the shore that day being as quiet and smooth as the Drainage Canal in July, met our noble craft of 20,000 tons, gliding imperceptibly on her way and made expectations for good weather mount high in every male and female breast, but all alike were doomed to disappointment and the hopes of the morning were dashed by the fears of midnight. Those sleeping travelers in the bunks below, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, experienced the treachery of old Neptune, for a fierce winter gale from the northwest set in, precipitating a violent rolling motion of the ship, disagreeable to all and unbearable to many, which continued a whole week until we reached historic Trafalgar Bay and came to anchor in the straits inside the shadow of the mighty rock of Gibraltar.

Our fellow voyagers were largely of the leisure class, good people, enjoying in the autumn of life the fruits of ingenuity, thrift and hard work sown in the spring and reaped in the summer of manhood's prime. Chicago was well represented by some genteel, cultivated people traveling *en famille*; also by the Whitehouse and the Palmer House and the Court House. New York was represented by the house of Vanderbilt.

St. Paul's was measurably represented in the person of a dignified gentleman who, for years, paid pew rent

but never occupied the pew, although he was well represented by his wife and daughter, fond of foreign travel and residence, devotees of the muses, admirers of foreign manners and tongues, but helpful church workers when at home,—working the head of the house fairly well when roaming foreign lands. Fletcher, the Apostle of mastication as a fine art, slick and trim, rosy and healthy, a splendid example of the efficacy of his theories, was voyaging to his beloved Venetian home. His cult may be summed up in chewing all you eat till it is reduced to the weakest fluid and involuntarily percolates to your interior apparatus—masticating even water before allowing it to assimilate with eatables gone before; do this and you can live for a week on what would be an ordinary small meal, resulting in your growing muscular and being well nourished without suffering a qualm from indigestion or any interior complaint, prolonging your life indefinitely. Try it. A fine orchestra discoursed music three times a day, and the usual games and friendly talks, with reading, including the ship's daily Marconigram news, helped while away the tedium of the voyage. An English Lord was the novelty on board. He bobbed into some public prominence soon after by auctioning off his ancestral books, bric-a-brac and pictures, which brought fabulous prices, and it is heralded that he transgressed the rules of the House of Peers by voting on measures before taking the Peer's oath, subjecting himself to fines running into thousands of pounds sterling.

GIBRALTAR.

Sailing through Trafalgar Bay, scene of England's great naval victory over the French fleet under Admiral Lord Nelson, one of England's great decisive naval struggles against the power of Napoleon, we came under the shadow of that mighty, imposing strategic rock of Gibralt-

tar. It is a grim old rock, majestic and defiant. It breathes defiance, bristles with fortifications of impenetrable strength. One of the largest arsenals and navy yards in the world is here maintained. One hundred and ten war ships of all kinds, from the most modern battle-ships and cruisers with a fleet of torpedo boats, compose the Mediterranean Squadron, of which forty of the largest and most powerful are continuously at or in the vicinity of Gibraltar. The garrison of English soldiers is a large one. The waters of the bay are alive with activity. Crafts of all kinds, busily darting about, are engaged in keeping the war craft furnished with men and ammunition of war and all necessary supplies.

The town of Gibraltar, with its narrow streets and darkened windows, and all kinds of curious, out-of-date vehicles, drawn mostly by mules, with Spaniards in their quaint costumes, Moors and Africans, walking the streets with their bodies wrapped loosely in linen, their legs bare, with sandals on their feet, give the town an Oriental tinge in strange contrast to the red-coated English soldiers. Foreigners are not allowed on the rock between sunset and sunrise, during which time the gates are closed and strongly guarded by soldiers.

Leaving the port in the early evening is a fairy scene; the rock is brilliantly illuminated with many electric lights and far-reaching searchlights shine from hidden recesses ashore and penetrate the darkness, making every object on the waters visible. The Britishers evidently do not intend to be surprised by any hidden foe; they realize the immeasurable importance of this strategic point. Commanding, as it does, the entrance to the Mediterranean, affording access to the shores of Southern Europe, lapped by its tideless waters and the Orient which lies upon the shores of contiguous seas. It is the highway to the British possessions in India through the Suez Canal, and the short cut to their Australian and New Zealand colonies.

GENOA.

The storm of the Mediterranean is calm by contrast with the huge rolling billows of the midwinter stormy Atlantic, and our good ship, riding disdainfully through these waters on an even keel, makes a good start on its four-day voyage to Naples. Genoa, from medieval times famed as the home of a great seafaring, mercantile people, as well as for its warriors and successes in arms, and commerce, and historically imperishable as the birthplace of that intrepid and sagacious old navigator, Columbus, who ploughed a new furrow across the Western Ocean and marked out the way to the shores of the American continent, after three days' steady steaming, is reached. Of all the places of Europe, Genoa is dearest to the heart of the Americans as the spot from which sprung St. Columbus, the patron saint of all America, whose discovery of this continent was celebrated by the grandest World's Fair of modern times here in Chicago, on which was expended the enormous sum of twenty-seven million dollars. We go ashore for a cursory and rapid view of the place, as our good ship tarries but half a day. The city is substantial and in some places beautiful. It is still a place of much commercial importance, and on the streets, along the wharves, is as hustling and busy as South Water street. Crowds refresh themselves in the many wine-shops, where native wine is poured from a pitcher into a generous glass at the cost of a few centimes.

The view of the town from the harbor is dazzling in the sunlight and the heights of the town and harbor afford a very artistic and picturesque scene. Genoa is noted of all the cities of Italy for its great cemetery or "Campo Santo." It lies back of the fortifications on the heights and is marvelous to behold. There are situated corridors of tombs arranged in a wide stone semi-

circle, with the most remarkable lot of sculpture imaginable. Some of it is of a most artistic and imposing kind, by eminent Italian artists. Much of it is, however, quite commonplace and tawdry; but the scene as a whole is strikingly impressive. Grief is depicted on every tomb. Effigies of weeping, praying widows and disconsolate husbands are much in evidence, all carved in stone. These seem to typify the conventional expression of the grief of the living for the dead. Altars are made, and the patron saint of the house chiseled in marble, with candles burning; and there were living survivors of the departed at some of these tombs, down upon their knees upon the cold stones, saying prayers for the repose of the souls of their ancestors and their speedy rescue from purgatorial pains. Very devoted, but dreadfully depressing. Reminds one of the Dutchman's soliloquy on the superior good fortune of his dog's demise in contrast to his own, saying: 'Vell, ven the damn dog be dead, vell, he be dead; but ven I be dead—vel, I got to go to hell already.' The mortuary chapel was large, but not artistic, at least for Italy. It would undoubtedly have looked different in Chicago. There was to me a humorous side to all this devotion to the dead. I wondered if the weeping widows and widowers, in contracting new matrimonial alliances, took their new conjugal mates to see their weeping statues at the tombs of their predecessors? The celebrated Red Palace is a picture gallery of much interest, and the Cathedral of St. Lorenz interesting. Among its many statutes and paintings there is a painting upon the ceiling depicting the saint stretched upon a gridiron, this being the martyrdom he is reputed to have suffered.

NAPLES, POMPEII AND SORRENTO.

With light hearts, after an enjoyable luncheon ashore, which was most palatable after eleven days of feeding aboard ship, we re-embarked for a final stay until the Neapolitan shore, with its wretched, howling beggars, welcomed us with their noisy importunities. The Mediterranean is a real ocean, and but little of the very attractive coast of Spain and France and Italy is in sight, and some of the most interesting islands are barely visible from the steamer's deck. We pass, however, nearest to the islands of Corsica and Elba, scenes in the life, birth and banishment of the great Napoleon. The approach to the Bay of Naples is very picturesque, capped with that grand, smoking, but terrible volcano Vesuvius. Naples is the most populous of all the Italian cities, and there is more squalor and beggary there than in any other Italian city. They beggar description, so I will not attempt one, as even the recollection of them is distressing. Our ship was serenaded by gaily dressed men and women in boats, twanging the gay guitar and singing. There were some heroic old men, clad only in bathing trunks, who did some very dextrous diving after silver pieces. They not only demonstrated their skill, but powers of endurance, for some of them were in the water more than an hour, and it was early March and anything but warm. We were met by a courier, who, having credentials from Governor Odell of New York and commendations from the Bertolini's, famous Italian bonifaces, I allowed him to appropriate my confidence, and before being dismissed he had, of his own volition, appropriated, in many subtle and secret ways, some of my money. He is a memory with me. He is a smart man. He did me up so nicely that I was long in discovering his financial artifices. He had been to New York. He had learned the ropes. He knew Tammany. The

“con” man was his intimate. Neapolitan tariffs seemed high to me, a stranger, but I trusted him, in my innocence, until I got onto him at Florence, where, like the little nine-day-old pussies, my eyes were opened and I discovered I was paying a double tariff at the hotel. That day, in my wanderings about beautiful Florence, my courier waxed confidential and communicated to me, among other things, that once in Naples he was president of his society, at which I remarked, in my most dulcet and winning tone, “Was it the Mafia?” But my attitude was not sufficiently innocent or convincing to ward off much indignation and choler on his part. He demanded an explanation, with an assumed injured air, whereat I replied that, while I didn’t know much about the Mafia that was commendable, he was such an adept at “doing up” foreigners that such qualifications seemed to me might point to him as a person worthy of such a distinction. This courier literally delivered us to the Philistines. At stores where we made purchases he would cause us to be assessed about double the real price, and in the evening he would go around and collect his rake-off. At the hotels it was the same, but at Florence my wife’s curiosity exposed him in all his villainy. She thought she would make prices at another and more fashionable hotel. She did, and procured better quarters for twelve liras than those we were paying thirty liras for. My courier and I parted. He returned to Naples and the Mafia, but he held me up for first-class fare as a parting evidence of his financial dexterity. Who ever heard of a courier traveling first class in Europe, where they say only Princes, Americans and damn fools indulge in such extravagance. But to do this courier justice, he knew much about Italy, and was very useful as well as luxurious. Our hotel, the Bertolini Palace, was on the heights of Naples. Our first night was beautifully clear and moonlight, the only clear one during our

stay. A most brilliant, awe-inspiring and fascinating sight imaginable met our view. The beautiful Bay of Naples, the great city, with its myriad of electric lights, and that eruptive, volcanic Vesuvius made an incomparable spectacle. On such a night it is phantasmagoria. That night Vesuvius was doing business with much vigor, and flames and smoke could be distinctly seen, with red molten lava rolling down the side of the mountain for hundreds of feet, making an apparently gory path. This was but two weeks preceding the eruption which wrought such havoc and destruction in Naples and adjacent villages. The eruption that night put the Cook funicular railway temporarily out of business and injured several too venturesome tourists, but no one dreamed that that eruption was but the precursor of the dire disaster which so soon followed.

There are many interesting places in Naples, but neither time or the purpose here in contemplation make it necessary to recount them. The little horses are marvelous for their speed and endurance. They run with large loads quite fast up steep, narrow streets, urged by their not very humane drivers. The two most important places of interest in Naples are the National Museum, a grand building filled with statuary and relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum. A model of the ruins of Pompeii conveys an excellent idea of their situation and condition. Some of the statuary is heroic in size and the relics from the ruins of Pompeii are very fine and of great interest, and the Aquarium, probably all things considered, is the most complete to be found anywhere. It is very interesting and very fishy.

Pompeii, with Herculaneum, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 76. Its restoration is wonderful and remarkably interesting. The Greeks and Romans here dwelt in opulent magnificence. From these restorations it would seem that they were as far advanced in

civilization as we, including artistic refinement in dissipation. Temples, amphitheaters, and baths, bear evidence of art and comfort. Elegance and cultivated taste are everywhere apparent. There are exhibited bodies of men, women and children exhumed from their covering of lava, which served the purpose of embalming. Teeth and skulls are perfect. Skeletons of animals, including the domestic cat, taken from the ruins, are well preserved. All kinds of fruits and vegetables are in excellent condition. Even the paintings upon the walls, painted nearly two thousand years ago, show but little evidence of their antiquity. The sight of these ruins was so impressive as never to be forgotten. All the readings of books ever published descriptive of Vesuvius fail to convey but the slightest idea of her real condition, comparable with visual contact. In driving from Pompeii to Castlemarie and Sorrento one passes through many villages, which afford an opportunity of seeing the Italian people as they are in their own land. This drive is in view of Vesuvius, smoking more densely than Chicago's factory chimneys, and skirts the Bay of Naples through olive and orange groves and vineyards, passing old castles, ancient buildings and quaint statues, making a scene of never ending attractiveness, riveting the attention of the traveler while filling his lungs with keen, fresh air and exhilarating ozone. At Castlemarie there is a navy yard, and at five o'clock in the afternoon three thousand good, tidy, intelligent looking workmen were going from the yards to their homes at the conclusion of their day's work. They had every outward appearance of being happy and contented.

ROME.

Rome, the Eternal City of Christendom, is grand, imposing and impressive. My vocabulary is all too shorn of superlatives to adequately describe it. The first sight on entering the great Cathedral of St. Peter's is awe inspiring. This magnificent, beautiful cathedral is indeed a temple worthy of the Deity who rules us all. It is of tremendous proportions, so vast that it almost baffles belief that it was raised by human hands, guided by human intellect.

It reflects the divine in its wondrous beauty. Everything about it is great, great in every way and from every view-point. There are side chapels larger than big churches. The statuary is heroic and endless. The paintings and mosaics are numerous and beautiful. The tombs are tremendous. All has been reared by the greatest artists who ever lived. The cost must be incomputable from an intrinsic standpoint. From a traditional and historical view-point the treasures of the world would be inadequate. A mass was beautifully sung, in which a little army of priests officiated and partook. A very loud, animated and vociferous sermon was preached by a distinguished dignitary of the church, in Italian. It was undoubtedly fine, although I did not understand a word of it. At the tomb of St. Peter, a marvelous creation, more than one hundred lights are kept constantly burning. I solved the old story of kissing the Pope's toe. There is an historic bronze statue of St. Peter, and the faithful kiss the big toe of his right foot. I witnessed hundreds of men, women and children of all degrees kiss this toe, and so many millions have done so that the hard metal has worn brassy and shiny. It is an affecting sight to see the little ones raised up to perform this act of idolatrous devotion.

Rome is said to have 365 church edifices, one for every day in the year. Many of them are wonderfully beautiful and of magnificent proportions. St. Paul, St. John and St. Maggoria are three of the finest specimens. They are beautiful and intensely interesting. St. Paul's is comparatively modern, and its basilica a marvel of beauty. Monks were chanting, and a mass in progress. The chanting was sonorous and the music sweetly grand. Many of the ceremonials of the mass, to a Protestant, seemed peculiar. That of the "Touch of Peace" is one. It is done in this wise. The priest celebrant touches on the breast lightly with both hands a deacon of the mass. He proceeds to touch in the same way another monk or priest, and they, one by one, in turn, do likewise, until all are touched. Another ceremonial was a procession of chanting priests going from one chapel to another from the altar where mass was celebrated, the officiating priest being attended by an acolyte, carrying what appears to be a sort of a Chinese umbrella over the head of the priest, who, at the last stopping place, with all his followers, makes a few genuflections, utters a few sentences, all disperse, and the mass ends.

The Vatican and the Sistine, or Pope's Chapel, are unique for their glories of design, and as the repositories of priceless treasures. They are rich with the beauties of paintings and sculptures by the greatest masters. There are literally acres of paintings and forests of statuary. The library of the Vatican is filled with ancient scrolls and manuscripts, and rare tomes, which cannot be duplicated. It is a veritable store-house of literature, from ancient to modern times. There are miles of corridors and halls, all embellished with paintings from wall to ceiling, done in the most ornate of light and brilliant colors. Here are displayed costly presents to the Popes of all time, bestowed by royalty of Christian countries, through the Christian era. These are in gold and silver

and bronze, also vases, statutes, models of churches, cathedrals, monasteries, wrought from porphyry, onyx and many precious stones. The gardens are superb. Fruits, vegetables and flowers are in a high state of cultivation. The Pope is the spiritual ruler of the faithful the world over. The Roman hierarchy is without doubt administered with masterly wisdom. Its revenues are so vast that the extent of them is not known. As the Pope is canonically infallible no accounts are rendered. All the Roman world contribute Peter's pence. The aggregate of this world-wide contribution is fabulous. The institutions maintained by the church may be found wherever the bells of Christendom ring. Christians of other denominations might learn much from the administrative faculty of their Roman brethren. While the church of Rome thrives for much good, yet who can forget that she has spilled oceans of blood in her wake to mark the maintenance of her supremacy.

The Forum and Coliseum are marvelous ruins; walls in some places three yards thick and as staunch, apparently, as the immovable hills. These impressive ruins are the result of wars, malignant and inhuman, but so goes the history of the world. One dynasty is built upon the ruins of another. Nations grow and thrive through deeds of blood and destruction. Thrones are built to totter and decay, and what is seen here is but a weird object lesson of this truth. Rome, at one time, reveled in her ancient glory with more than a million of people, and yet war and disease wrought such havoc that her population sunk to less than 20,000, and her temples, palaces and churches lay in ruins. But to-day she is glorious and majestic, beautiful in her ancient temples, gloriously radiant in her church treasures. To-day she is striving also for modern methods and rebuilding many old places along the line of twentieth century improvement. Her people seem happy and prosperous, and much wealth—

some of it American—centers here. Her streets are brilliant with gay throngs of people and fine shops, glittering military uniforms, handsome equipages and fast automobiles grace attractive thoroughfares and proclaim the prosperity of the Romans.

The church of St. Cecilia is of much renown, and was erected in honor of the female saint of this name. Her memory is much revered in Rome, and many conflicting stories are told about her. According to some of these stories she had a very hard and unhappy time of it on this earth, and came to a dreadful finish. She is said to have been parboiled and then slashed three times in the neck with a Saracen scimitar. In the crypt where the remains of this saint were, after many vicissitudes, finally laid to rest, is a beautiful memorial chapel in the Moorish style of architecture, where mass is celebrated every day in her honor.

The National Museum is very attractive and noted for its graceful statuary. Among the forests of statuary here displayed is the "Dying Gladiator," a beautiful Venus, many of the Greek poets, ancient Emperors of Rome, warriors, sages, popes, cardinals, and other church dignitaries, and so on *ad infinitum*.

A fortunate, rather hap-hazard good-by visit to St. Peter's found me there on St. Joseph's day. Now, St. Joseph is a very popular saint in Rome. More stores and places of business close in his honor than on Sunday. A small but ornately beautiful chapel is here dedicated to St. Joseph. Here are contained many relics of the saints; among others, some hair of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a bone of one of the fingers of St. Joseph. This chapel was luminously illuminated and a veritable garden of exotics was before the saint's altar. The chapel is only open to the public on "Saints' Day," and it is regarded as an extreme privilege to be admitted within its sacred precincts.

Our courier was brought up with the famous opera singer, Caruso. He had many stories to tell about this great singer. He was an uneducated, indolent Neapolitan until his beautiful voice was discovered, and now he is not quite the pink of perfection, nor are his morals, like the Mikado's, particularly correct.

In the Catacombs one mingles with the bones of a million dead, early popes, bishops, martyrs and priests. On the Appian Way is a subterranean catacomb as dark as a thousand black cats. It is the catacomb of Sextus. An old monk pilots the way, and we all carried lighted candles, which seemed to more accentuate the darkness than to furnish light. These catacombs were the refuge for the early Christians hiding from their pagan persecutors. Many thousands met their deaths here in varied blood-curdling ways at the hands of barbarians. At the spot where Saint Cecilia is said to have met martyrdom is a representation in stone of this saint as she was found after her death, with three cuts in her neck. It is a ghastly sight. In another catacomb—less spooky—the light of day faintly percolated through crevices, and a few open spaces above. Here the bones and skulls of millions of dead were piled up in all sorts of uncanny shapes, some quite ornamental, making frescoes and dados. Skeletons clothed in monkish garb lay around in niches and some were standing up, as in life. I never before realized that the human skull was susceptible to a high polish, but some of these skulls shone, oh, so brightly. I fondled a few to satisfy myself that they were real skulls. The open air, the sunshine of day and the world of light was appreciably refreshing, after these morbid scenes of the Catacombs.

The amphitheater, where athletic games were formerly played, is a wonderful structure, and the arena reminds one of the early Christian martyrs who were here slain by pagans and devoured by wild beasts—they “met the tyrant's brandished steel, the lion's gory mane.”

In the Borghese gallery is found a most excellent and interesting collection of paintings, statuary and works of art. The Borghese family is one of the most ancient in Italy. From Lucretia, the founder, to the more modern dukes, their influence in Rome and the Empire has been potent. Allied with the Popes, their influence at the Quirinal has been equally powerful. With the aid of the Popes they despoiled the people; protected by Holy Mother Church they have been invincible; their fortunes attest their power.

The Quirinal is a beautiful palace. This is the palace of the Emperor at the nation's capital. Next to the German royal palaces it is the most comfortable and home-like in Europe. The situation on one of Rome's seven hills is commanding. Its halls and salons are picturesque in the extreme. Draperies, statutes, pictures and bronzes are in abundance. The attendants were civil and the opportunity of a very charming progress through these regal apartments was all one could wish.

The fashionable drive is called the "Pincian." It arises in terraces from the city level and terminates in a grand park. It is a gay scene Sunday afternoon; good music, large crowds of people, all neatly dressed, well behaved, and seemingly happy, enjoy the scene and the bracing spring air. The gentry were out in full force, driving in ornate equipages; among them were some beautiful women, from young misses to old dowagers, all splendidly and fashionably gowned. Many Americans were there, enjoying life on Rome's fashionable drive.

FLORENCE.

The journey to Florence is a welcome diversion after the glories of stately Rome. The country traversed is pleasing to the eye. The scenery of field and mountain is picturesque, dotted with quaint old towns by the way. Immense vineyards and snow-clad mountain peaks are constantly in sight. Agricultural processes are not American by many centuries. They are in keeping with any age B. C. Ox teams do the plowing and haul the loads along the country roads.

Florence is quaintness itself, old and medieval in every nook and corner. It is the center of the world of art. It is pure art, the mecca to which lovers of art do flock. The American colony is large. The stranger within her gates is the prosperity of Florence. American dollars here pay just tribute to art. Artists of all nations may be seen at work in most of the principal galleries. Many of the copies of the great masters evidence the genius of the student. Their paintings reveal masterly talent. These artists are very attractive characters, some of them elderly ladies, one of whom we afterwards encountered riding in a stately carriage with two men in livery on the box. She was undoubtedly a person of importance, a lover of art for the sake of art. Then there are the typical student-looking, rough haired and bewhiskered gentlemen. Evidently these are the real impecunious Italian artists you find in novels.

Florence is a very engaging place. Novelty and beauty are on every hand. Cathedral dome and church spires, palaces and art galleries, public buildings and monuments and campanile, form the centers of artistic attraction to the traveler. They are beautiful in their exterior and are stored with treasures of art nowhere else met with in such rich profusion. The Vecchia bridge, which

spans the Arno, is more than four centuries old, and is lined on either side with most attractive shops, where are enticingly arrayed works of art, such as books, pictures, sculpture, Etruscan ware, silver, gold, bronzes, brasses, mosaics, ivories and all imaginable articles of ancient and modern make. Florence is in the pretty valley of the Arno, and almost surrounded by mountains. The views of the city from the hills are charming. Among the most historic of the statues of the old-time Florentine heroes is one of great beauty, erected to Savonarola. Among the last century patriots of Italy are Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi and Mazzini. The cathedral, with its historical campanile, and the baptistry, with its remarkable bronze doors, are, from the exterior, like a huge, dazzling mosaic, grand in symmetrical, artistic proportions. The interior of the cathedral is so overshadowed by the unusual beauty of its facade that to the casual observer it is somewhat of a disappointment. The Pitti and Uffizi galleries, the church of St. Croce, the Pantheon of Florence and the Museum, are the principal repositories of artistic treasures. An attempt to describe these treasures would be a futile task, and endless. There are miles of tapestries, tons of Etruscan ware and old copper in every conceivable form; Egyptian mummies, skeletons in earth, and many other gruesome objects; statues of all kinds; Rubens and Raphaels of the finest; dozens of Madonnas and Holy Families, Ascensions, Resurrections, Crucifixions, Last Suppers, the Betrayal Kiss of Judas, the Birth of the Savior, Adorations of the Wise Men and Shepherds, Presentations in the Temple, Simeons in the Temple, rejoicing at the sight of the infant Jesus; Annunciations of the Blessed Virgin, many saints and some sinners, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, Eve handing out the apple to Adam, the Lord going after Adam and Eve after they got wise and started a hunt for raiment, and many miles of valuable

paintings of kindred subjects. There are more Raphaels, Murillos and Rubens than one would surmise those artists, with indomitable industry, could have painted in a long and busy life. Some fine statuary by Michael Angelo was much in evidence in these galleries.

The palace of the Medici, the residence of the old grand dukes, is a fine place, and in some respects home-like. Here are many cabinets with secret drawers, all finely and intricately executed, marvels of artistic beauty. In the church of the Annunciation are some very gorgeous paintings on the ceiling, all in elaborate gold, gold being the prevailing tint in the decorations. In another church was a tapestry like a temple of beautiful mosaic, with chaste and fine carving, said to be six centuries old.

The city hall is a structure of much beauty, very spacious, and celebrated for its eight statues of Hercules in different feats of strength. In the Museum are much old armor, gems, medals and medallions, also old church curios in the shape of stalls and furniture, relics of martyrs and scenes of persecutions; some marvelously wrought cameos, exquisitely carved; some old sarcophagi, a most excellent statue of St. George, and more other things of artistic interest than could be written in a volume.

Florence is a wonderful net-work of narrow streets, with large squares and a park of considerable extent. Shrines of the virgin and saints are in many places, before which the piously inclined may turn their eyes upward while they utter a brief Ave Maria or a pater-noster. A visit to the poorer quarter of the city was repaid by a sight of the Florentines as they appear in their poverty and their work. They are orderly, clean and industrious. The meat, vegetable and flower markets are well kept, the people well behaved, and in traveling miles in these parts we were met with civility, and had no cause for concern for our safety.

There are two Episcopal churches in Florence, one English and the other American. The anomalous condition prevails that the English church is ministered to by an American priest and the American church by an English priest. This fact was verified to me by Bishop Potter, of New York, who confirmed a class at the American church in April last. The American church, which is named St. James, is quite a large and pretentious edifice, partaking of its artistic environment. The Sunday I attended service there was a large congregation, made up principally of those American women who had left their husbands at home and such of their children as were not left in the care of their confiding husbands. Having passed the alms basin I am able to testify that to the credit of their sex they were liberal with their liras.

Florence was left with many a keen regret. The journey to Venice took us over a part of the mountain range of the Apennines to Bologna, during which there was a snow storm, reminder of our Western home. The cars were cold, and but for the presence in our compartment of a happy German bride and groom, who were evidently oblivious to the chilly atmosphere, we might have been miserable, but their cheery presence created an atmosphere of warmth and happiness.

VENICE.

Venice was reached at ten at night, in the dark and in a pouring rain. The gondolas are the Venetian cabs, in one of which we bestowed ourselves and our hand baggage. We were sheltered from the weather by a canopy which is used on such occasions. We started in about the broadest part of the Grand Canal, which was radiant with electric lights. As in a cab, we had no fellow passengers. We were really strangers on strange waters.

All seemed well and pleasant until, somewhat to our dismay, our gondola glided into a very narrow and very dark canal. The canals seemed to get more twisted and more dark as we progressed. We had concluded that the hotel was near the station, so after twenty minutes, and then half an hour, had passed, and still no hotel—nothing but the quiet splash of the oar of the gondolier and the gentle swashing of the water against the gondola—we peered out into the darkness. There was nothing to be seen. The situation became a little spooky. Conversation seemed by mutual consent to have stopped. The quiet became almost oppressive. It seemed that we could hear each other breathe. Forty minutes passed, and still no lights and no hotel, and the tension became acute. About this time my mind dwelt upon the tragedies of the fifteenth century, when it was a common thing for strangers to be robbed by the gondoliers and their bodies thrown into some dark corner of a narrow and unfrequented canal. We were ready at any moment for the *denouement* of a dreaded tragedy; but at the end of forty-five minutes the suspense was dispelled and the gondola stopped under a bridge, and there was the hotel, with hospitable and welcoming hands reaching to assist us out of the gloom of the gondola and our fears, and to assure us that our rooms were ready. We soon forgot our trepidations of the journey when we found ourselves in a generously furnished room, with a bath attached, with a full flow of real hot water as well as cold. The Hotel Danielli, in which we were, proved a very acceptable and comfortable hotel. It was an old Venetian palace, built originally in 1400 A. D., and has been occupied by Doges and much royalty and many foreign ambassadors. George Sand lived here in 1834. Lord Bacon often graced its ancient halls. It still maintains its palatial character, with great halls and stair-cases, but contains modern steam heat and bath rooms.

But Venice—oh, it is charming, delightful; so quaint, so picturesque, so aquatic, nothing like it anywhere on earth or water; it is fascinating. Everything about it, including the people, is attractive. There is plenty of life and color. In fact, all is life and color, from the pink cheeks of the babies to the pink ribbons of their nurses. Venice is so unlike any other city that she stands unique, alone. The coloring here is gold and blue and the varied colors you see in pictures of St. Mark's and the palace of the Doges. The church of St. Mark's is a perfect gem. The carvings in stone and ivory and porphyry are marvelous. Her ornate adornments are wonderful, and her mosaics are of the best and by the most eminent of the old masters. The palace of the Doges is replete with handsome rooms and galleries, depicting the history of Venice under the Doges. The dungeons of the palace, some below the water line, are dark, malodorous and dingy, where all sorts of cruelties were practiced in ancient times upon prisoners of state and others. Happily, even here in Italy, those days are gone forever, but their history reflects no credit on any era of Christendom.

The canals and buildings of Venice are in much the same condition as they have been for centuries past, but the steamboats which traverse the grand canal and stop at all the important landings, give the place a modern tinge and remind one of the penny boats of London's Thames, for that is what they are—penny boats; for what would pass for a penny in London is the boat fare. Many modern yachts and ships of war seen in the harbor are in strange contrast to the medieval surroundings. The gondola is still the same as in olden times. The gondolier is a very happy and a very sturdy fellow. He seems to enjoy his work and every master stroke of his oar, in rhythmic tune, seems a pleasure. He is very civil and smiling and most reasonable in his charges.

While Venice is composed of water streets, yet there are shore streets and squares, mostly very narrow, flanked with tall fifteenth and sixteenth century buildings. A walk in these streets and over the Rialto bridge is both novel and interesting. No autos to dodge, no bicycles, no horses to tread on you, and no loud-voiced drivers hollering at you. Many of these little, narrow streets have attractive stores of all sorts within their narrow quarters. They are well patronized. No horses or mules or wheeled vehicles are seen in these streets. It is said that many poor people live and die without going away from Venice and without seeing a live horse. In walking these narrow ways one is startled and surprised by suddenly coming upon a large square with beautiful church edifices, palaces, government buildings, trees, plants and statues.

It is quite the thing in Venice to feed the pigeons of St. Mark. There are hundreds of them. An Italian sells little paper bags filled with corn. The birds fly around and eat the kernels from the hand and they perch upon the arms, shoulders, and sometimes the hats of those feeding them. They are wonderfully tame birds. No one is permitted to be otherwise than kind to them.

The painting of the Madonna has occupied artists of both great and lesser fame, and these paintings are seen in profusion in many galleries. In one hall of the National Gallery of Venice I saw the following: Madonna enthroned; Madonna enthroned with saints; Madonna at prayer; Madonna with St. Peter, John the Baptist, Catherine and Rosa; two plain Madonnas; Madonna, Mary Magdalena and Catherine; the Madonna of the two trees; Madonna with Saints Paul and George; Madonna in a beautiful landscape; Madonna by Bellini restored; the Madonna painted by that peerless artist, Titian, who lived to be ninety-nine years old, and was painting a very celebrated picture of St. Peter at the time of his death.

There is a profusion of saints and all manner of scriptural subjects in the picture galleries of Italy.

Many of the paintings are beautiful, but some are grotesque to absurdity, inciting one's bump of irreverence at times.

In addition to the paintings there are many old fashioned musical instruments in another hall; a real Stradivarius and Paganini's own violin; treasures of immense intrinsic and historic value. In another hall there were pictures of the old masters of music; old coins and medals; old maps and topographical surveys; beautiful carvings in wood and stone; death masks of noted people of by-gone centuries; old fashioned clothes, worn by the subjects of the death masks; some gory relics in the way of limbs, etc. from assassinated rulers; all kinds of old fashioned royal chinaware; guns, armor, pikes, axes and other munitions of ancient warfare.

There is a general impression that sunny Italy is always sunny and warm. This is a delusion. It has its exceptions. On a cold raw day I observed a flurry of snow in the afternoon.

MILAN.

Our departure from Venice was very different from our arrival. Under the noon-day sun of a bright, warm Spring day with the blue Italian sky above us, we went our way to Milan. On this journey we fell in with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester; the latter before her alliance matrimonial with the Duke was a Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati. The Duke was making his annual pilgrimage to Verona, as the lineal representative of the ancient house of Montague. He is apparently a fine young fellow, quite handsome, and the Duchess seems to have him well in hand.

Milan is an attractive, bustling, noisy city and has two great attractions, its Cathedral and the Scala Opera House, the home of Italian opera. In the grand Cathedral we attended a high mass which lasted over-long, but was, musically, very fine. The Sermon, which was in Italian, lasted about fifty minutes. It was stentorian in thunderous oratory with grand climaxes. The pleadings to sinners never hit me once; but what would otherwise have been monotonous was relieved by the fervid gesticulations in which the priest indulged to emphasize the good points I doubt not he made.

To offset this long service we attended at night the opera at the Scala. The orchestra was great in numbers and execution; how many instruments there were I don't know, but its size may be gauged from the fact that there were eight double basses and three harps. The Italians travel around the clock all the hours of the day, so that the main opera ended at twenty-four o'clock, after which time there was a glorious ballet, with a new orchestra, all in full blast at one o'clock when we left. The audience was quite demonstrative and called the principal singers, including a glorious tenor, and the composer of the opera before the curtain many times at the end of each act.

The Cathedral is a massive gothic structure. It is wonderful in stone carvings with thousands upon thousands of statues and bas-reliefs. The pillars in the Cathedral are mammoth; a veritable forest of stone, like unto a forest of big trees. The coffined remains of St. Charles Borromeo, the Cathedral's titular saint, who has been dead since 1584, are exhibited. On this occasion the priest put on his robe, lit the candles, rolled down the silver side of the saint's casket and there he was, fingers bejeweled, head crowned, crucifixes in several places, and, aside from his nose, which has been worn somewhat by the remorseless tooth of time, he looked natural, considering the time he had been dead. Mass is said before

his remains, on an altar there erected, every morning in the year. His tomb and chapel are the richest in precious stones and diamonds of anything of the kind I know of. From there is a climb of 360 steps to the top of the Cathedral, just under the statue of the Virgin, which is at the extreme top of the tower. The views from this point are very fine, and the snow-clad peaks of the Apennines are clearly seen.

There is a quaint old church here, S. Lorenzo, built in the Fourth Century and said to be the first church built in Milan. It is surmised that originally it was a heathen temple.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

The chain of Italian Lakes, consisting of Lakes Como, Lugano and Maggiore, form a most enchanting and ever pleasing attraction. The first of these, Lake Como, is reached by train in two hours from Milan. It is a perfect gem, and as we rode its placid waters on a commodious and most comfortable little steamer, the shores presented entrancing scenery, with high, rugged, snow clad mountain peaks in constant view. In the occasional sunlight of a cloudy afternoon the varied tints on the water were magnificent. The air was cold and bracing. It was too early by a month for warm weather. Our first night on Lake Como was passed at Bellagio in a hotel named after the town. It is grandly situated at the fork of the lake. It is a veritable marble palace. Our sleeping apartment was like an ancient baronial hall—high and large, with a handsome marble fireplace and a blazing wood fire, which was, in the chilly spring air, a great comfort. This hotel is palatial in size and appointments, with lofty ceilings, grand decorations and finely carved statues and artistic paintings. After the din and roar of Milan, this was the quiet of the silent tomb. The corridors had such

a chilly effect that the comfort and warmth of our blazing fire was accentuated.

The scenery of Lakes Lugano and Maggiore is sublime, mountain peaks with winter snows rising gracefully from the water's edge; old castles, old churches and quaint villages line the surrounding shores; ancient and queer looking sailing boats with kite shaped sails, supplemented by modern steamers and pleasure yachts, dot the waters of the Lakes. Afternoon tea on the upper deck of our little steamer, in the cold spring air, with flurries of snow, was not an altogether disagreeable experience, but really quite enjoyable. The ozone of the air was exhilarating and made the blood tingle and freely circulate. Here was Nature in her loveliest mood; such a contrast from the arts of man in the crowded cities of Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice and Milan, to these beautiful scenes of nature. In going over the mountain passes to the different lakes in little narrow gauge cars, the views were beautifully rugged. We passed through flurries of snow at times, and actually saw a brood of chickens with the old mother hen scratching for them in the snow.

At Baveno, with a grand view of Belle Isle on which stands one of the colossal statues of the world—that of St. Charles Borromeo—in the comfortable hotel Belle Vue, the pure air and the quiet solitude of lake and mountain brought with it sound and refreshing sleep.

VERONA.

From these captivating scenes we once more turn our faces cityward, and visit quaint Verona, replete with enjoyable surprises. However, Verona is in a state of decadence; population and trade decreasing; yet what there is left of the people seem happy and contented. Still it is the contentment which comes of stagnation and

dry rot. Verona, romantic Verona, redolent with the memory of Romeo and Juliet, made immortal by Shakespeare's tragedy of that name, where the feud of the rival houses of the Montagues and Capulets resulted in the tragic death of these ardent lovers. Juliet's tomb is the mecca of all pilgrims to Verona. To view it is to suffer disillusion. The figment of fancy and romance vanish as the dark night at the dawn of day. Our guide, a veteran of the bloody field of Solferino, got into such an exciting wordy warfare with the attendant as to much threaten the repose of the once adorable, beautiful, but now very much dead and decayed Juliet. I expected every moment to see a fair apparition arise and say in dulcet, silvery strains, "Hush! Peace! Be still. Desecrate not my last resting place with your vulgar and unseemly mouthings", but when this babel of unruly tongues ceased all was still. Here is a bridge of Roman construction, whose foundations date back two thousand years. An amphitheatre is here as old as the one at Rome. Dante has a fine monument in the public square, and there are many monuments raised to perpetuate the memory of the Scaligers, former rulers of this part of Italy, who typify their ascent in life by a coat of arms consisting of ladders. The buildings here are mostly in the old style of Italian architecture. The stores and market places are very pleasing.

LAKES GARDA AND RIVA.

The most attractive way to the Austrian Tyrol from Italy is by steamer on the superb Lake Garda. Of all the lakes of Italy and Switzerland, for beauty of environing scenery and changing tints of its waters, this stands *par excellence*. Duzenzano lies at the southern or Italian end of this beautiful lake, and Riva in the Austrian Tyrol at its extreme northern end. Every moment of this four-hour journey is replete with grand,

inspiring, rugged scenery. Riva is about two miles north of the Austrian-Italian frontier. The lake narrows as it nears this point, and on either shore rise, almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, huge rocks several thousand feet high. The west bank of the lake is noted for its large fruit-growing farms. They are all terraced and boxed in to protect the trees from the inclemency of winter weather, and they are as carefully tended as a nurseryman tends his choicest plants. Riva is one of the beauty spots of earth, where every prospect pleases and even man does smile. It is a sweetly clean little town and has no unwholesome or unsavory corners as are sometimes met with in other places. It is most attractive, and at night, when it shines under the blaze of electric lights, it has the effect of a beautiful stage setting. You walk around feeling as if you were wandering in some fairyland, instead of a quaint, real, old-fashioned Tyrolean village. Grand old Baldo, whose rugged magnificence challenges our admiration, and makes us stand in awe at its ponderous grandeur, rises before us, and in its shadow this Tyrolean village nestles. From these inspiring scenes of nature we traverse a little mountain pass to Mori, and thence by through express to Botzen, and then wind our way through a picturesque valley of the Tyrol to the Mecca of our journey, Meran, and our good friend Mr. John L. Stoddard.

✕ MERAN.

After so long a journey away from home and friends it was indeed a thrilling sensation to meet with the warm, cordial and hearty reception which Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard accorded to us on our arrival on the station platform, and away we drove with them through this historical, quaint, attractive city. We were soon ushered into Villa Pomona, the Stoddard residence, a home of

culture and luxury, from every corner of which may be seen enchanting Tyrolean mountain views.

For eight most pleasant and never to be forgotten agreeable days our hosts nearly overpowered us with their many kindnesses. To every point of interest, and to many persons, equally interesting, we were taken. Here at Meran are attractive parks and drives, charming music, grand valleys and comfortable hotels. It is really a garden spot of the earth, from which nothing but that which charms and interests meets the eye. The mountains which environ Meran are rich with ancient castles, from Schloss Tyrol to Schloss Furst. Schloss Furst is a wonderful old castle, in which in olden times was imprisoned the last of the Meistersingers. It has been modernized as to comfort, but is still ancient as to its walls, its little chapel and its grim old dungeon.

During our stay in Meran there was presented a pastoral out-of-door performance of Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol, who defended it from the invasion of the French under the great Napoleon. The historic fight was gone over again in a play, under the mountains and castles where the scenes thus mimicked actually occurred. The actors are all peasants and villagers, men, women and children descendants of the men who did the real fighting. The theatre is out of doors, directly under the shadow of Schloss Tyrol, where the real warfare occurred in 1809. Cannons were fired from the mountain sides, just as in the original strife. The scene is the village, and the villagers are out, engaged in their usual sports and work. It is all very realistic. The meetings of the patriotic citizens; the harangues which fire the patriotic hearts with the enthusiasm which impels them to march to the defense of their beloved Tyrol; the scenes of the wounded and the dying; and the prisoners brought in from the battlefield, followed by the return of the victori-

ous band. Then come the reverses; the betrayal of Hofer, their leader, a noble character, to the French; his trial and ultimate execution. It is astonishing what splendid actors these simple people make. There is not a professional actor amongst them. The tableaux were grand and imposing, and many of the scenes were so pathetic that tears were brought to the eyes of many of the audience. The day was perfect, the scene inspiring, the people sitting in the open air, the crowds going to and from the place of performance,—which was on the outskirts of the town—their entertainment in booths set up in an adjoining field, was all indeed quite novel and interesting.

The Tyroleans are as patriotic today as they were in 1809, and these performances tend to keep burning in the hearts of the people the fire of patriotism and love for their grand, majestic Tyrol. Among the performers were the man from whom I bought a hat, another who brought the trunk from the station, and the village wood-carver, a grand old man, with a wealth of flowing white beard.

This mimic army of Tyroleans brings to the mind of an American another historical conflict which took place in this country, when the ragged Continental Army under Washington was engaged in fighting for its liberties.

While at Meran we made a pilgrimage to a very pretty church, founded by St. Valentine, somewhere about the 2nd Century A. D. It is very popular with young people, who patronize it for the celebration of their marriage nuptials, as St. Valentine's church is supposed to augur a very happy wedded life to those who are there joined in the bonds of wedlock. While Andreas Hofer is the hero of the Tyrol—John L. Stoddard is its historian—at Meran, Mr. Stoddard is certainly its most popular distinguished resident.

INNSBRUCK.

Necessity, which knows no law, not even the law of hospitality, compelled us to depart from entrancing Meran and the genial Stoddards, after eight days of generous kindly hospitality. While we left with regret, we resumed our journey with buoyant spirits, for in a measure our faces were now turned homeward although some diversions from the beaten path were contemplated. Our next objective point was Innsbruck, the capital city of the Tyrol. Through the valley of the Tyrol to Botzen the fruit trees were in blossom, in such wealth and profusion that beggars description. The coloring was rich and varied, and there were literally miles upon miles of these trees. They had the appearance of huge floral bouquets. The trip was delightful. We climbed over these Tyrolean mountains through the Brenner Pass. It is a superb scenic trip. The mountains are grand. The pass rises to a height of nearly 5,000 feet, and in the middle of April took us into snow. One lake we passed was frozen over, and flurries of snow were encountered at the highest points. The magnificent scenery, with numerous churches and castles dotting the way, the rugged mountains, varied in their formation, made the journey a continual delight to the eye and the senses.

Innsbruck is a quaint old town. It is replete with historic incidents. The environing mountains are wonderfully picturesque, and at that time were covered with snow. The drives are fine, and the park and Botanical Gardens large and handsome. There is a Terrace drive which affords wonderful views of mountain, valley and city. There on the heights is a large monument of Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol. While he was of the common people, as a lover of his grand old Tyrol, his memory is preserved with greater honor than that of any of the ancient or modern kingly rulers. He was shot by

the French, but his remains are entombed in the Cathedral, surmounted with a beautiful monument, near that of the great Maximilian who flourished in the sixteenth century.

There is also a museum, containing trophies of Hofer in his military campaign for Tyrolean liberty. It is wonderful what he accomplished with his rugged peasants. He was invincible, and defeated Napoleon and the armies of Bavaria whenever he met them in their incursions into the Tyrol in an attempt to subject it to the rule of Napoleon. From its mountain fastnesses Hofer always came off Conqueror.

CONSTANCE.

From Innsbruck to Lake Constance is a panorama of enchantment and scenic delight. Along the valley of the Inn and over the imposing and picturesque Arlborg Pass we wend our way from Austria and the Tyrol to Germany. The Arlborg Tunnel, next to the St. Gothard and barring the Simplon Tunnel, opened in the early summer, is the largest in Europe. It took seventeen minutes for the train to pass through it at a good rate of speed. It is six and one-half miles long and cost seven and one-half million dollars. The town of Constance is replete with legendary and historic interest. Many evidences of its early occupation by the Romans are apparent. Here in the Council Hall, before the Imperial Council, was tried that great Bohemian Protestant reformer, John Huss. He was contemporary with Wickliff, and translated many of his writings and expounded his religious tenets. Huss was burned as a heretic and his ashes cast into the Rhine. The Hotel Insel was formerly an ancient Dominican convent, and in April it was as cold and sepulchral as a monk's cell.

BADEN BADEN.

The Black Forest stretches from Constance to Baden Baden. The journey to the latter place proved another pleasing and gratifying scenic route. The railway traverses a marvelously pretty mountainous course. Numerous tunnels are encountered and in the steep ascent in many places the road doubles upon itself so that in the winding path one tunnel at intervals will be nearly immediately over another which the train has passed through. Many pretty little villages are seen nestling deep in ravines, with swiftly running streams swollen with the spring rains roaring in their onward plunge down the steep places. The fruit trees were in full blossom, rendering the air sweet with their fragrance.

Baden Baden is one of the most admirable of all the European spring resorts. Its bath houses, drink halls and public places of entertainment are perfect in their appointments, and maintained on a most generous scale. Neatness and cleanliness are impressively apparent. The public gardens are pretty, and sweet music is discoursed there three times daily for the entertainment of visitors, it being quite the thing to dine in the open air. Music and dining out of doors are strengthening and invigorating to the physical body, and soothing and uplifting to the mind. The drives through the forest are charming. The sombre green of the pines, mingling with the lighter colors of the beech, oak and chestnut, form a striking contrast to the green turf and the azure sky. The dark vines trailing from the grand old castles are a glorious sight. The villages in the forest are old, cleanly and quaint, and the villagers have every appearance of neat, orderly folk. The view from the summit of the old castle high above the forest trees discloses a panorama not to be duplicated for beauty and scenic grandeur. Schloss Uburg has a refreshment garden, dis-

closing splendid vistas of forest scenes, where you may partake of your afternoon coffee with cake in place of the English tea, served by civil and attractive German maidens—"Kaffee und Kuchen," they call it, and it is good. The cake is so plain and healthful that a baby without teeth might eat a piece and not cry in the night.

FRANKLIN BI-CENTENNIAL—PARIS.

We now raise the 1870 cry of the Germans, "On to Paris." The glories of nature and the beauties of outdoor scenes which have delighted our senses since we left Duzenzano are now reluctantly left behind, to remain only as a sweet, ineffaceable memory. Pastoral scenes are now forsaken for the hurly-burly roar of congested city life.

Paris and London remain for brief visits.

Paris is Paris. London is London, as everybody knows.

They have neither duplicates nor rivals. Unchallenged and incomparable they stand on the zenith heights as the world's grandest and most famous metropolitan cities.

Two incidents, one in each of these cities, are of sufficient interest to be here set down.

The Bi-Centennial celebration of the birth of that versatile constructive statesman and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, was celebrated with impressive ceremonies at the Palace of the Trocadero in Paris, with the unveiling of a beautiful statue of Franklin on the Rue Franklin near by the Trocadero, presented by Mr. John H. Harjes, an American banker, residing in Paris. Admission was by ticket.

The fraternizing of the Americans and Parisians in the beautiful hall of the Trocadero was an inspiring sight. The full seating capacity of the hall was tested to its utmost. Many Americans of prominence were seated

upon the platform, among others the donor of the statue and one of his partners, the famous capitalist, J. Pierpont Morgan, whose visage was illumined with the radiance of his most prominent facial feature, also the American Ambassador, Mr. Robert S. McCormick, of Chicago; Mr. William Seligman; the American Consul-General, Mr. Frank H. Mason; and Prof. Albert H. Smyth, of Columbia University, who was the accredited American representative at these ceremonies. In the audience I noticed Mrs. Henry Villard of New York, and her brother, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, children of William Lloyd Garrison, a lover of liberty in its broadest conception, who did such valiant and heroic service in the agitation for negro emancipation.

The famous band of the Garde Republicaine rendered beautifully American and French patriotic music, playing such stirring pieces as "The Marseillaise," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." These provoked tremendous enthusiasm. The American Ambassador spoke, and Prof. Smyth delivered the oration of the day, which was a masterly, eloquent, historical speech. On the part of the French Government speeches were made by the Minister of Public Works, M. Barthou, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, M. Chautard, and Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Seine, M. Antrand. Mr. Harjes made a graceful address in presenting the Franklin statue, and his daughter, Hope Dorothy, and Miss Mary C. Waddington unveiled the statue. The ceremony of unveiling was unique and emphasized by a salute of fifteen volleys of cannon. Prof. Smyth was publicly decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and according to custom, his decorator kissed him on the cheek as he pinned the Legion's emblem upon the lapel of his coat. History will record Franklin as the most popular American ever accredited to the French Government, and the most helpful to his coun-

try in the time of its dire need. His name is now a household word with the people whom he loved and admired and with whom he was so potent, and his name, by this statue and the street named in his honor, is for all time interwoven in the manifold annals of the French capital.

SONS OF THE CLERGY—LONDON.

In London, on May the 7th, at St. Paul's Cathedral, I witnessed the Annual Festival of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. This is a beneficent corporation, who watch and promote the welfare of the Sons of clergymen of the Church of England. It is a habit the English have of looking after and fostering good, wherever it can be found. Many of England's greatest professional and literary men, great administrative officers, judges, prime ministers, generals on land and admirals on the sea, empire builders, blazers of paths through unknown seas and continents, who have materially and concretely aided in making the vast and powerful British Empire of to-day, have been sons of the clergy, whose budding intellects were guided into the best channels for usefulness by this ancient Society. Aside from the coronation of a new sovereign, or the opening of Parliament by the King in person, the ceremony of this Sons of the Clergy service is the most spectacular and imposing. On this occasion the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and many Bishops, including the See of London, and of foreign missionary jurisdictions, attended by their chaplains and many lesser ecclesiastical dignitaries, all arrayed in their most imposing vestments, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, with the Recorder, the Mace bearen, sword bearer and other attendants, clad in their most gorgeous robes and jewels, with the Cathedral choir, comprised the procession, which marched up the center of the Cathedral to the choir stalls

and altar. The choir and organ were supplemented by a large orchestra of brass and stringed instruments. The rendition of the service, musically and liturgically, was impressively beautiful, and the sermon by the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the lineal descendant of the famous, but erratic poet, Dean Swift, was quite appropriate. I regard this service from every view point as the most attractive, enjoyable and inspiring within my experience.

In the evening of the day of this service a banquet is given by the Merchant Tailors, one of London's ancient and most wealthy guilds, in its magnificent hall, to the corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. The banquet this year, given in the same hall by this ancient and honorable guild, was the 232nd consecutive banquet, without one break in its yearly continuity. The Lord Mayor presided. A reception held by the Lord Mayor and his medieval city court, preceded the banquet. Such ceremony, such pageant, such pomp and circumstance, such regalias and uniforms, are seldom met outside exclusive royal circles. The Lord Mayor was clad in his robes of office, with a magnificent chain of gold and precious jewels, surrounded by the Sheriffs, Recorder, Mace bearer, train bearers, chaplains, sword bearer and other officials, all decked out in their quaint old costumes. These formed the receiving party. All the banqueters, according to custom, are presented to the Lord Mayor, surrounded by this imposing, not to say dazzling court. I was caught and my presentation was foredoomed. A master of ceremonies, in a loud foghorn of a voice, announced all the arrivals on their presentation, with their full titles from His Ecclesiastical Grace of Canterbury to modest Judge Holdom of Chicago. To me it seemed an awful, overpowering ordeal. I was in good time, within the first twenty, and as I was announced at the door entering into the audience chamber, by the foghorn voiced master of ceremo-

nies, I braced up, stretched on my heels, puffed out my chest, lifted on high my head, and with steady, measured, judicial tread, approached the dignified and dazzling officials. I shook hands with the Lord Mayor, who looked the part he was filling, a handsome man and an ideal Lord Mayor and told him how proud I was to see him. He, in effect, replied that he reciprocated my sentiments as heartily as tradition, ancient and hoary, would permit a live Lord Mayor to do, and added he was happy to welcome an American cousin. With evident reluctance he let go my hand, whereupon I side-stepped and became a spectator of the scene. It was an impressive sight. The military costumes, blue and scarlet hoods of Cambridge and Oxford, gold trimmings of officials, court costumes, knee breeches, and gold buckled shoes, all made both a picturesque and medieval scene. I had a seat at the banquet near the "High-table" next to a brother of the Lord Mayor. We became quite friendly. He was gracious and attentive, and to use an Anglicism, I had a jolly good time. The dinner was most excellent, the wines old and fruity, the service regal. There is no charge for this banquet. It is by invitation. The host is the guild, but an old and finely wrought silver basin is passed for donations. I observed, when it reached me, that it contained nothing but Bank of England notes, making the smallest contribution twenty-five dollars, surely an evidence of generosity toward this old and deserving corporation. After the banquet was over and all the toasts, previously announced by the strong-lunged master of ceremonies before referred to, had been drunk, and a lot of poor speeches made, and the Lord Mayor had announced the arrival of the King in London from his holiday making in foreign parts, which he jocosely remarked the King had made under a false name, the company adjourned to another fine old hall, where cigars and coffee were served and a social time indulged. I was fortunate in becoming

acquainted with several gentlemen, who entertained me with some interesting talk, but not with stories, after the American fashion. In about an hour the company broke away, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs entering their circus-coaches in a blaze of glory, with their powdered wigged outriders, which spectacle a motley crowd of belated Londoners seemed to enjoy. I modestly followed and when a policeman at the door called a handsome cab, and said, "Where to, sir?" I felt so good I came near saying "Buckingham Palace."

Memory may fail of many events of my life, but my day with the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy will remain a pleasing recollection until the next stage of existence is reached.

U. S. A.

All the enjoyment of foreign travel, sights and scenes, so far from dimming our eyes to the fairest of all lands, had quite a contrary effect. The harbor of New York, with its forts, green slopes and pretty hamlets, the broad sweep of the bay with the Stars and Stripes streaming in the breeze from ships and forts and flag-staffs on land and water, was to us the most cheering and impressive sight seen since on that bright winter morning we sailed away from the "light" at Sandy Hook to foreign shores. The symmetrical span of the Brooklyn bridge and the view of the skyscrapers towering heavenward on Manhattan Island as we enter the lordly Hudson, remind us as objects nowhere else to be seen, that we are at the Seat of Empire in the land we love so well and delight in calling home.



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